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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IN last Saturday's issue the *Spectator* takes a section of the press seriously to task for "trying to force Lord Kitchener upon the War Office and Government." If this were done merely to embarrass the Government, or if Lord Kitchener were merely being used as a pawn in the party game, then we feel there might be some justification for the *Spectator's* indignant outburst. But this is far from being the case. Sections of the press of all shades of political opinion are calling for the big man's return to active life, and when the outcry is so general, there must surely be some serious work of the utmost value to the Empire which only he is capable of undertaking, and as long as this task remains undone we for our part shall continue to cry out for the master-workman. From whatever point of view it is looked at the position of Lord Kitchener to-day must seem absurd. We wonder what the General Staffs of Foreign Powers think and what they are saying amongst themselves. Surely they must wonder at a system which keeps our greatest military organiser from the task for which he is so badly needed. Men of genius combined with that pushing energy which carries all before them are so rare that they should not be allowed to lie idle and to rust merely to suit the plans of the party politician.

Lord Kitchener has filled almost every rank in the Army with distinction; he re-conquered the Soudan, he wound up the South African War, and he has completely reorganised the Indian Army. Are not these sufficient qualifications for him to be entrusted with the task of clearing the Augean stables of our military system? If he was given a free hand in the Soudan, in South Africa and in India, not to mention New Zealand and Australia,

why is he not given a free hand at home? When we speak of a free hand we only mean in the sense that he should be allowed out of his unrivalled experience and capacity to look into organisation, distribution, and to decide the proper functions of all the various branches of our Army, and to draw up a proper scheme of Home Defence which will remove for ever from the public mind a constant nightmare of invasion. Lord Kitchener would, of course, always be under Parliamentary supervision and control, but he would have a free hand at the War Office, and the knowledge that a memorandum on the real needs of the Empire had been drawn up by such an authority after mature consideration would serve to calm public opinion far more than the ever changing views of the Cabinet, or of that vague, indefinable body known as the Committee of Defence. The Secretary of State for War with such authority behind him should have little difficulty in obtaining legislative sanction to his proposals.

What the real need at the present time is that authoritative light should be thrown upon our true military position. We have no real data upon which to form a final and lasting decision. We are at present hopelessly in the dark, and no people, however patriotic and however ready to make the necessary sacrifices, can do so unless they are guided into the right paths by their leaders. The country gave Mr. Haldane a fair hearing when he weakened the Regular Army by 27,000 men, when he did away with the Militia and Volunteers and introduced in their stead the Special Reserve and Territorials. We were told to "wait and see" the good results which would follow if only the scheme were given sufficient time to mature. That was nearly four years ago, and as we pointed out in our issue of last week, the recent debate in the House of Lords has disclosed the fact that we are just as ill-prepared for war as ever. Speaker after speaker pointed out that we had reached our limit of expansion under a voluntary system, although our organisation was susceptible of great improvement if only the right man was there to undertake the work.

At this crisis, when we are wandering aimlessly in the dark looking for a path that may lead us to light, the right guide comes home after reorganising our forces throughout the Empire. Here, then, is work to put the coping-stone to the edifice of a career of unparalleled usefulness. Is it not then right and proper for the press to insist on the services of Lord Kitchener being utilised? Lord Kitchener's report, when drawn up, must not be pigeon-holed, with the exception of those portions which strategic exigencies demand shall remain secret. Its purport must be made known to the people. If the country does not choose to give the Government the requisite mandate to carry Lord Kitchener's recommendation out it has only itself to blame for chaos and disaster. It would be Lord Kitchener's task to report on (1) the state of the Regular Army and its fitness for war; (2) The condition of the Reserve and of the Special Reserve; (3) The Territorials, their organisation, and their true value for Home Defence; (4) The state of our Home Defences generally; (5) The reasons for the present alarming shortage of officers; (6) The plans for co-operation between the War Office and Admiralty in the event of war. On the deductions therefrom he should be asked

to draw up a complete memorandum of what changes and reforms are necessary, and how best they can be carried out so as to ensure the safety of these shores and to maintain security and peace throughout the Empire. The Secretary for War should appeal to the country with Lord Kitchener's authority behind him. In that case we do not believe the country would be found wanting.

Unfortunately, it would appear that Mr. Haldane has an exaggerated opinion of his own abilities as a military organiser and reformer, and that he is not prepared to surrender his position or to be guided by the advice of those who have devoted their lives to the study of military problems. The position of Lord Kitchener is an anomaly. It is much the same as that of poor Uriah after David had fallen in love with his lawful wife. He espoused the Army at an early age, he has devoted the best years of his life to her service, and now he is to be eliminated in order that our modern David may continue to pose as the master of the military household.

Whilst the mystery surrounding the exclusion of Lord Kitchener from the service of the nation is absorbing the interest of all who take any part in the national welfare, it is well to be reminded that there is one who is entitled to the affection as well as to the lasting gratitude of the nation; we refer to Lord Roberts. Change the gender, and we have an apt appreciation of the illustrious soldier:—"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety." The soldier who fought under John Nicholson, the hero of the Kashmir Gate of Delhi, and thereafter never looked back from a continuous career of military glory; the great master of the doctrine of universal military service, which in the time to come will be the salvation of his country, is about, in his seventy-eighth year, to travel many thousand miles as the special ambassador of his Sovereign to foreign Courts. We do not need to ask why Lord Roberts has been chosen for this signal mark of Royal favour. We know that the explanation is twofold: The honour and esteem with which he is held in honour in his own country; and the high regard with which he is viewed at the Courts which he will visit. An example such as that which can be derived from every part of Lord Roberts's career is a national asset of priceless value. It serves to animate some; to shame others into emulation. As was written of Charles Sumner:—

"For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

The shifts to which Mr. Lloyd George resorted—perhaps was obliged to resort—in order to demonstrate the feasibility of meeting the vast and growing expenditure of the country with a flash-in-the-pan Free Trade Budget, are daily seen to be illusory for the purpose of producing the estimated revenue. The latest blow to the accuracy of the Chancellor's balance sheet arises out of a decision of the Court of Appeal which, in effect, establishes the principle that enhanced rental due to the provisions of the Finance Act must be accompanied by reduced rateable value.

The decision has reference to licensed premises, but it is quite likely that other classes of property may be able to claim similar relief when the effect of Mr. Lloyd George's haphazard and ill-digested legislation is more clearly realised. A result of this kind must, on the one hand, entirely dislocate local finance, and augment the incidence of the rates on every class excepting licensees. This result, it must be remembered, will be brought about at a time when the Government desire assistance from the rates towards the cost of removing the pauper disqualification for old-age pensions. The irony of the situation is that the exultation of the temperance fanatic, whom Mr. Lloyd George claims as his special client, will have a good deal of cold water thrown on his enthusiasm. It is all very well to shout an evangel from the house-tops when it is believed it will entail no cost to those who preach it. The situation is entirely changed when the preacher observes that as a ratepayer he will have to pay pretty handsomely for the luxury of thwacking the object of his narrow-minded enmity. The personal evolution is thus entirely diverting, but the chaos in Imperial and local finance which this cruel onslaught on a legalised trade will bring in its train will only gradually manifest itself. Tariff Reformers who have taken the trouble to forecast the future, whilst they regret the deplorable results which will gradually unfold themselves of the Chancellor's leap-in-the-dark in new finance, may yet take comfort to themselves, in that the Budget of last year irrevocably leads direct to the sane system of taxation which they are pledged to bring about.

There is no more charming racecourse in the world than Goodwood when the weather is fine. Situated high up on the South Downs, the sea breezes sweep across the hills and vales and give new life and energy to the spectators. An almost uninterrupted view can be obtained from start to finish of the races from the grand stands, whilst the thousands who flock from the neighbouring towns and villages, and who do not pay, can have an even finer outlook from the natural amphitheatre of hills which overlook the course. The crowd is a varied one. Society is mustered in great force; here were to be seen most of the familiar faces one is accustomed to meet at Newmarket, Ascot, or on Epsom Downs. This year many were absent owing to the death of the late King, who never missed an opportunity of visiting the Sussex course, which was one of his favourite meetings. Then there are thousands of Sussex gentry and visitors from Brighton and the surrounding sea resorts who probably make this their sole meeting of the year. All the great houses in the neighbourhood entertain large parties. Hundreds of motor-cars, taxis, and cabs block every road leading to the course. But to us the most interesting aspect of a race meeting is not where the grand stands are found, but that where the non-paying public flock to have their fun and risk their shillings. It is the man in the street who really takes the keenest interest in racing, because to him it means his one outing of the year, and the one occasion on which he really lets himself go. Among this throng are to be found men and women of every type, and drawn from every walk in life. There are small tradesmen, soldiers, sailors, agricultural labourers, stablemen, former jockeys gone wrong, and gentlemen who once moved among the gay throng in the enclosure, but who went the pace, and are now obliged to keep on the far side of the course; there

are ex-convicts, pickpockets, and "bookies" of doubtful reputation. Groups of gipsies, fortune-tellers, and nigger minstrels keep this motley throng amused in the intervals of racing.

This year Goodwood was handicapped by the lamented death of its patron King Edward and also by indifferent weather on the two first days. Ladies made a brave effort to come out in smart frocks, but when there is a chill winter's wind sweeping the course their enthusiasm soon evaporates and many left long before the racing was over. On Thursday, the Cup Day, the sun shone brightly and with sufficient warmth to encourage the most pessimistic to disport themselves in their very best gowns. The Goodwood Cup is the great race of the meeting, but this year it was robbed of almost all its interest by the presence of the mighty Bayardo, the best horse for twenty years past, who was looked upon as such a certainty that all but two horses were scratched by their discouraged owners. The race was regarded as a mere exercise canter for the champion, and it was only as a formality that the crowd adjourned to the paddock to have a look at the three runners. There was practically no betting, for the bookmakers were laying 20 to 1 on Bayardo, whilst 20 to 1 could be obtained against Magic and any figure against the diminutive Bud. Bayardo was calm in the paddock, but eventually resenting the flattering attentions of the crowd, he became restive, and Maher, his jockey, was obliged to dismount and lead him down the course. It was some little time before he allowed Maher to remount, but when he cantered him down to the starting-point his beautiful stride and splendid condition restored all the old confidence and enthusiasm of the crowd. The other two starters, Magic and Bud, commanded but little attention, in fact, the majority of the crowd seemed to resent their presence as an insult to the favourite. Magic is a big bay, deep-chested colt, and is just the horse for a long punishing race; Bud is a small blue roan, and looked quite out of her class in such company. Bayardo was giving thirty-six pounds weight to each of his rivals over a course of 2½ miles, but the chances of Magic and Bud were so ill-fancied that but few took the long odds offered against them. At the fall of the flag Maher allowed Magic and Bud to make the running and to obtain a considerable lead, and from the Stand it looked as if Bayardo was merely cantering behind them. They remained in this position until the bend leading into the straight for home was reached, and here Bayardo passed Bud, who was done. Down the hill he rapidly overhauled Magic, and a roar from the crowd marked their approval of the great horse's final spurt. The Ring was laying 30 to 1 against Magic and 100 to 1 against Bud. Shouts of "Bayardo wins" arose on all sides, for now he had caught Magic, and the two were racing side by side with the champion's nose just in front. Suddenly another roar arose, for the despised Magic, splendidly ridden by Rickaby, instead of falling back, actually came to the front again, and had secured nearly half a length lead of his mighty rival. Up went Maher's whip and he struck Bayardo twice. The gallant horse made a final effort and got to within a short head of Magic as they passed the winning-post, but the race was lost. The crowd was silent, and everyone looked worried and upset except just the surprised few who had taken the long odds offered against the victor. It was the race of a lifetime.

NIGHT ON THE HILL

Come, tell me tales, my shepherd, of the hill,
Of the lone valleys, sighing in the night;
My heart is faint, and desolate, and chill,
And dreads the light.
I would remember shadows and grey trees,
And the faint stir of tendrils in pale gloom;
To-night I lie down like a weary child,
And want no light left burning in the room.

I am full wearied of the shine and sun,
The hard bright days that fall like hammers' sound;
The flowers are harsh, birds shrill, till day is done;
And the ceaseless round
Of garish tasks is like some flaunting wheel
That, ever turning, tears the weary eyes;
I would seek great cold stars, and feel
The infinite composesures of the skies.

Come, tell me how the Dark comes down the hill
Sweeping the daisies underneath her gown,
Tell how the gurgling stream takes all its fill
Of sweetness, running down
As it were some thin fragrance through the gloom,
Speeding towards the velvet valley's bed,
Till all the wind aways in the soft perfume
And every curtained lily hangs its head.

How silently the stars thread through the sky!
How lone and vast the world looms from the hill!
Wide the low Moon uplifts her pallid eye,
And the sheep lie still;
And in the darkness stirs a soft, sweet breath
That is not earth or heaven, or day or night:
Some loosed spirit in the arms of Death
Lifting its pinions for the first long flight.

A. G. H.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

It is usually incumbent on those whose time is valuable to ignore the philippics of Mr. Keir Hardie. There is little profit in examining the tenets of a monomaniac, and there can be no pleasure in criticising language which is only conspicuous for its licence. The only importance which Mr. Keir Hardie possesses is the fact that, for reasons of party tactics or party advantage, he is permitted to appear as the associate, and largely as the ally, of men who loathe, whilst they tolerate, the ethics of the truculent demagogue. This politician has been indulging in peculiarly offensive references to the King and the Royal family during the past week, and also in offering most dangerous advice to those whom he would like to claim for his followers.

A personality, although too contemptible in ordinary times for examination, sometimes merits a passing notice in connection with the circumstances of the moment, and the responsible men with whom he is associated—at all events in the voting lobby. On two occasions recently it has been possible to observe his Majesty's principal Secretary of State translating into official action the teachings of the gutter. We have been officially instructed that the law can only be asserted when consequences of violence or bloodshed are not to be feared. A craven doctrine in good sooth, and one which, if largely acted on, would not only bring law into contempt and convert order into chaos, but would prelude the collapse of law and order altogether. We submit that the Prime Minister, who was himself an admirable administrator at the Home Office, is not justified in sitting in his place and ratifying by his silence the pernicious antics of a subordinate in the Government.

The times are perilous. The character and stability of the country are in the balance. Mr. Lloyd George has struck

a staggering blow at credit, enterprise, and labour. Mr. Churchill would like to fall upon the prostrated champion, withdraw the protection which it is his duty to afford, and call upon the canaille, whose applause he covets, to complete the wreck of which his friend has been the primary author. The Keir Hardies are of no account, except in so far as they are representatives and spokesmen of the dangerous classes in the country—the classes which are the prime oppressors of all that is respectable and reputable in the ranks from which they spring. These people are fond of banners. Let them for once inscribe a true legend upon one of them: "Our mission is to mislead, to cajole, to intimidate." Their ultimate object is to strut upon the scene formerly occupied by statesmen, and convert what once was government into an orgy of mob-rule and the shambles.

HAS THE CASE FOR HOME RULE GONE?

THE Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking on Monday last to the members of the Eighty Club, suggested that the time might be approaching for a reopening of the Irish Home Rule question, whether by itself or as part of a comprehensive Imperial scheme of Home Rule all round. To those who heard the speech, this part of it seemed clearly to be inspired, and much of it, contrary to Mr. Birrell's usual practice, was read from a carefully prepared note. That there is no demand for Home Rule in England, Scotland, and Wales is obvious. Therefore, the question narrows itself down in the realm of practical politics to our old friend Home Rule for Ireland, and suggests the inevitable question, Does the Ireland of to-day really need Home Rule? There undoubtedly was a time in Ireland when the people, practically as a whole, believed their grievances could never be removed without the re-establishment of a Parliament in their own country. As a result of the numerous reforms and concessions granted within recent years to Ireland, it has become apparent to many who formerly thought otherwise that the real case for Home Rule has disappeared, and whatever survives of that cry to-day is purely and simply a matter of sentiment. The land system was undoubtedly the outstanding cause of the deep-rooted disaffection on the part of the people. It is generally realised that no Irish Parliament could have given to the tenantry anything like the beneficent and accommodating terms conferred on them by the passing of the great Land Purchase Acts. This legislation has had the effect of abolishing what is known as "land-lordism" over half the land. The people are rapidly becoming their own landlords—purchasing their holdings by annual instalments, which are appreciably less than the rent formerly paid by them as tenants, terms far more generous than have ever been offered to the inhabitants of Great Britain.

The blessings of ownership and fixity of tenure have had a surprising effect on the people in the promotion of self-reliance and general independence of character, and the standard of living has been raised everywhere. The miserable and primitive dwellings—or, rather, hovels—of even thirty years ago have either disappeared or are fast disappearing. In their places to-day we see everywhere comparatively modern habitations springing up. The Labourers Acts already passed have brought comfort and contentment to thousands of a class which has been hitherto neglected. It was only in the early days of the present month that Mr. Lloyd George, although admittedly hard pressed for money, undertook to advance another million pounds on extremely easy terms for the erection of additional labourers' cottages throughout the country. Before the passing of the Local Government Acts for Ireland, the grand jurors, selected from the wealthier classes of the people, were alone responsible for the county and parish government of the country. In their stead we now find the local administration of the country

committed to the hands of the freely elected representatives of the people. It is the boast of Mr. Redmond and his lieutenants, especially when on "mission" work amongst the Irish in America and Australia, that they have wrung from the various Governments the innumerable concessions and advantages that are now enjoyed by the people of Ireland. But this boast is not consistent with the facts. The most valued legislation affecting Ireland was conferred on that country by a Tory Government when the Irish representatives at Westminster were a negligible quantity, and were powerless to affect for evil the destinies of the Government of the day.

The priesthood has been from the earliest days of political agitation in Ireland the mainstay of the movement throughout the land. The power of the priesthood was never more clearly demonstrated than in the case of the downfall of Mr. Parnell. No political leader in modern times obtained such a hold on the affection and the confidence of a nation as did Charles Stewart Parnell on the people of Ireland. Notwithstanding this, on the occasion of the memorable "split" in the ranks of his party in 1891, it was the combined opposition of the clergy rather than that of his colleagues which was primarily responsible for his overthrow. Much as the priesthood had at heart the purely political interests of the people, their paramount aim was always the ultimate establishment of a Catholic University in Dublin. To their great astonishment their aspirations have been realised without the aid of a National Parliament of their own. This was another concession of paramount importance freely granted by an English party which had nothing to fear from an adverse vote at the hands of the Nationalists below the gangway. The people of Ireland are, moreover, thoroughly aware that the great boon of old-age pensions came to them without any effort on the part of Mr. Redmond and the party which he leads in the House of Commons. Mr. William O'Brien has justly said, when speaking in Cork during the late general election, that Mr. Redmond and his friends had no more to do with the establishment of old-age pensions in Ireland than they had to do with the creation of the world. This great concession was also bestowed upon Ireland by an administration which was thoroughly and absolutely independent of the Irish vote at Westminster. The promised grants in aid amounting to £700,000, as forecasted in the Budget speech of this year, are hardly likely to stimulate the demand for Home Rule on the part of the people of Ireland. This sum is to be ear-marked to satisfy the requirements of education, land purchase and the congested districts, as well as in aid of old-age pensions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget statement, pointed out that the increase of expenditure authorised in Ireland and chargeable to the Imperial Treasury for this year alone is more than the total which he expects to derive from Ireland in respect of the new taxation. He further showed that if the old-age pensions of last year are taken into consideration, Ireland's contribution towards these taxes works out at something like one-fifth of what she receives from the Exchequer.

In a recent speech, Mr. Redmond boasted that the great bulk of additional taxation in Ireland attributable to the Budget, a sum which he estimates at £455,000, will be borne by the wealthier classes and not by the masses of the people. He said "all these duties are duties falling, not on the mass of the people, but on the rich, and the taxes which fall on the poor form a comparatively small portion in comparison with them." In the face of these facts, it is not wonderful that thousands of the people of Ireland who hitherto were fond of proclaiming themselves Nationalists and Home Rulers should begin to reconsider the whole question, at any rate, from the point of view of national advantage. They begin to realise that thorough reforms have been conceded to their country. Irishmen now see, as far as political treatment is concerned, that they are in many and various ways an object of envy to the poorer classes, especially the agricultural classes, in England, Scotland and Wales. To this we attribute

the constantly increasing journeyings of Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Connor to the Irish in America in search of that support which they find is no longer forthcoming from their fellow-countrymen—including their own Cardinal Archbishop on this side of the Atlantic.

The case for Home Rule is, we think, on the wane in Ireland. This view is strongly evidenced by the fact to which we have already referred, that the people of Ireland have practically ceased to subscribe for the continued maintenance of the Irish Party in the House of Commons. They realise, and rightly realise, that "value received" has been forthcoming in abundance, and that Parliamentary effort on the part of their representatives is not responsible for this consummation, neither is gratitude due to Mr. Redmond and his followers.

THE COMPLETE INVADER

II.

THE landing having been effected, the following would, it is suggested, be the composition of the raiding party. It would consist of troops equivalent to the force constituting one Division of the British Army, with the addition of nine Cyclist battalions, eight companies of Mounted Infantry, and several additional companies of Engineers. Such a landing could be effected in about six hours; namely, by 8 p.m., over a chain of pontoons brought by the transports and bridged together. The cyclists would be landed first, and by 3 p.m., probably, if no hitch occurred in the arrangements for their landing, these battalions would be in a position to move Northwards. The troops available would be:—

- 9 Cyclist Battalions (4,600),
- 8 Battalions of Infantry (7,500),
- 6 Companies of Engineers (1,000 men),
- 6 Batteries of Field Artillery (6 guns R.F.A. each),
- 8 Companies of Mounted Infantry (1,200 men),
- 1 Squadron of Cavalry (150 men),
- And other divisional troops.

It is needless to say that all impediments usually accompanying such troops, with the exception of ammunition columns, would have to be dispensed with; and whether or not even a field hospital could be established, at or near the landing, is very doubtful. The invaders would have to prepare themselves for hardships beyond all those arising from the ordinary exigencies of modern warfare. Each man would carry food for four days, and be prepared either to succeed or starve. Nowadays the ingenuity of inventors is unlimited, and the explorer can carry in his waistcoat pocket supplies which will, at any rate, prevent him from starving for several days. It must be remembered, too, that the district is a milk-and-cattle country, and that cyclists would be certain to secure some of this produce. It is not an unreasonable assumption, therefore, that the raiding force would be able to support itself for several days.

It is only necessary to climb to the top of the tower of Rye Church and overlook the marshes, dotted below with thousands of sheep, and to note from a ridge of the South Downs how the lowlands north of Berwick are studded with cattle, to form some idea of the strength of the invaders' striking-ground in respect of food resources. Any supply column or transport would be out of the question. Such luxuries would follow the main body, and ultimately the first line transport would come in touch with the raiders. The first function of the invading force would be to push forward a battalion of cyclists along the high road to Berwick, and seize and cut the L.B. and S.C. Railway. Detachments, consisting of four companies of Mounted Infantry each, would be further dispatched to act as flanking guards to and in close touch with the vanguard of the advance, ultimately becoming detached posts at Firle Beacon, and on the crests of the Downs above East Dean. The next object of the raiding force would be to detach four battalions of

cyclists to traverse rapidly the valley to the west and cut the railway north of Lewes, seizing and holding the crest above the village of Offham. The distance from Berwick to this point would be approximately ten miles by a first-class road. Allowing for unforeseen delays, which invariably occur accompanying a landing, it is not an unfair estimate to assume that by Monday morning, 5 a.m., these objects would have been attained. Simultaneously the officer in command would detail a force, consisting of four battalions of cyclists and a brigade of infantry to the east. This force would occupy the line of Polegate, Pevensey, the Lamb cross-roads, Littlecommon, Bexhill, Hastings, Rye, and New Romney. The distance from Berwick to Bexhill is fifteen miles, and this portion of the line represents an excellent base for an advance northwards, owing to the more or less open nature of the country and the number of first-class parallel roads leading in that direction.

With regard to the landing of the main body at Dungeness, which it is the object of the raiding force to screen, the Ness is one of the most extraordinary places in England in relation to foreshore conditions. A large vessel can lie afloat immediately east of Dungeness Point at nearly all states of the tide, and there is no reason why liners should not approach within 200 feet of high-water mark, drop their pontoons overboard, landing Engineers, Cyclists, Cavalry, Artillery, Mounted Infantry, and Infantry over the temporary road so formed. Any landing, if made in boats, has to be made in fine weather, and, while pontoon bridges are used frequently to span streams and rivers, there is no engineering reason why they should not be carried by the transports and used to bridge the gap between ship and shore. On Monday night the main body would commence its landing and occupy Walland Marsh, under cover of the screen formed beforehand by the raiding force. When it is considered that at Lydd is a factory for the high explosives for modern artillery the seizure of this district would be a crushing blow to the Home Force.

Turning now from the land operations, it is assumed that, in spite of the resistance of the remnant of the British Fleet, the Straits of Dover are forced. The next incident would be that two of the enemy's battleships would appear off Hastings and threaten to bombard the town if it was not surrendered to the raiding force approaching on land from the west. The force at Hastings being a negligible one the resistance of the town would collapse, and Hastings would thus afford an additional landing-place for the enemy's reinforcements at its partially completed harbour; at which men, materials, and stores could be landed with facility and impunity. By Monday night it is assumed that all local opposition to the invader would be crumpled up, and that transports would be busily at work discharging men and material for the main advance from Dungeness and Hastings.

The main body would probably occupy a period from Monday evening to the following Thursday morning in effecting their landing and mobilisation at Dungeness and Hastings. By Monday evening the outpost line of the invaders would be in position. It will be remembered that by Monday morning at 6 a.m. Lewes was occupied by four battalions of cyclists, and by this time the raiding force could easily be distributed as follows, with its left flank resting on Lewes and its right flank on New Romney:

- Lewes, 2 battalions of Cyclists.
- Lewes to Berwick, exclusive. Road patrolled by 1 battalion of Cyclists.
- Berwick: Headquarters of Officer Commanding raiding force; 1 battalion of Infantry in reserve.
- Detached Post: 1 battalion and 4 companies of Mounted Infantry at Hailsham.
- Berwick to Bexhill, exclusive: Roads patrolled by 2 battalions of Cyclists.
- 4 battalions of Infantry at Hastings.
- 4 companies of Mounted Infantry at Winchelsea.

1 Cyclist battalion at Rye.

Rye to New Romney through Appledore, exclusive:
Road patrolled by 1 battalion of Cyclists.

1 battalion of Cyclists at New Romney.

The troops would rest on Sunday from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. under arms, observing all precautions. The second line of outposts would run from New Romney through Appledore to Tenterden and Cranbrook, thence via Goudhurst to Rotherfield, and from there over Crowboro' Common via Maresfield into Lewes, following in general the high ground of the Rother Valley northwards, and then dropping south to its west end into Lewes. This line affords good lateral communication immediately in its rear, and has a greater number of roads leading south along the line of possible retreat than it has roads entering from the north along the line of possible attack. The advanced line would, it is assumed, be left entirely to cyclists, all of whom would move at 12 noon on Sunday and occupy this line by timed marches at noon on Monday, advancing from Lewes, Berwick, Hailsham, Bexhill, and Rye. By this time the garrison at Hastings would have been reinforced from the sea and be at liberty to support the advanced outpost line. The two brigades of Infantry would move respectively from Berwick and Hastings at 2 p.m. on Sunday on Heathfield and Hawkhurst, arriving there on Monday at 6 p.m., and remaining as supports to the advanced Cyclists.

The criticism one naturally hears offered to such a scheme of operations as that indicated, is that the whole thing is too ingenious; that the prospective invader is carried away by excess of zeal and has not reckoned with the opposition of the Home Forces, and that these Forces, should the emergency ever arise, would wipe the floor with the invaders. Assuming one of the defensive mobilisation centres to be in or near London, the only impediment to an effective advance by the invader's mobile troops, beyond the weak defence which the local auxiliary troops could render, would be artillery. In this connection two facts must be borne in mind:

- (1) That the districts of Kent and Sussex concerned, generally speaking, do not afford strong natural positions for artillery, with the exception of howitzer batteries, owing to the limited ranges practicable.

- (2) The present state of our Artillery.

Topographically the line of defence for London would doubtless be the North Downs, an ideal natural barrier; but every chess-player knows that if he loses his queen his game is demoralised. His scheme of tactics breaks down, and his king, instead of being surrounded by effective guards, becomes a fugitive. Applying the same rule to the crumpling up of the Home Force, it is conceivably possible that the ordinary laws of strategy would break down in the manner indicated. The late Col. Henderson, in his book "The Science of War," lays down the general rule for defence that points naturally strong should be weakly held, and points naturally weak should be strongly held. Without an effective artillery arm all tactics and war rules would go by the board. The operations of the Home Force would resolve themselves into the gradual forcing back of its infantry detachments under overwhelming pressure from an advancing army. Even if discipline were maintained, and the forces capable of being withdrawn without being demoralised, the situation would obviously become equivalent to the retention of not one but a score of Spion Kops, and almost hopeless endeavours by the defence to prevent the enemy's artillery securing these positions. The result would probably be unparalleled butchery, and the eventual withdrawal of the Home Forces towards London. Once let the invader seize and hold the Southern chalk heights between Guildford and the Medway and the impregnability of London would cease to exist.

With a population of six or seven millions, untrained in arms, unarmed, and depending on the daily ebb and flow of food supplied from overseas, which had ceased to be available; if revolution did not do the enemy's work,

starvation would. No serious artillery resistance would be possible, and the most stupendous national disaster in the history of the world would be consummated.

If an earthquake were to devastate London the city would spring into being again, owing to the indomitable recuperative power of the national character, but a crushing military disaster would be a calamity, having a more far-reaching effect. It is quite certain that no enemy who had succeeded in bringing London to the knee, would stop short of measures of the most drastic character, such as would crush the spirit of the nation for generations to come. An invader who meant business and secured overwhelming mastery would, it is quite certain, not leave his work half done, but would exact terms of the most cruelly oppressive nature, which would cripple the resources and deaden the fighting power of the conquered.

SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

II.—WORDSWORTH.

WITH Wordsworth, who was thirty years old when the century was born, but whose last volume was not published until 1842, we may well begin these brief glances at the greatest revival of poesy since the fading of the Elizabethan epoch. Wordsworth was the most essentially conservative and thoroughly English of all our national poets, and in this single-hearted devotion to his native country—we might almost say his native county—he stands practically alone. Foreign travel, the appeal of Italy and of climes more luxurious than ours, which brought such inspiration to Byron, Browning, and many others, held for him but the slightest of charms; he referred to his stay in Germany as a "melancholy dream," and was never happier than when tramping for miles among the fells and dales of his beloved lake-sides, or sitting in his orchard to work the bidding of his muse. From his sister's journal entry after entry can be taken bearing on this quiet spirit, this home-loving attribute. On April 30, 1802, she writes: "We went into the orchard after breakfast, and sat there. The lake calm, sky cloudy. W. began poem on the *Oelandine*." On May 1: "Sowed flower-seeds; W. helped me. We sat in the orchard. W. wrote the *Oelandine*. Planned an arbour; the sun too hot for us." Limiting himself thus—for only a small proportion of his work is coloured by his pedestrian tours abroad and his sojourn, when a youth, in France—his outlook kept in the main within bounds which to some have seemed narrow and even trivial, when compared, for example, with the tremendous field covered by Swinburne or other poets who have steeped themselves in Grecian mythology and alien literature; but in that very restriction lay Wordsworth's strength. In his own words—

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

Partly to this withdrawal from the outside world, and partly to the egotism which occasionally, it cannot be doubted, blurred the glass of his fine judgment, he owed those curious lapses from greatness which have been the theme of so much discussion. A trivial incident, done into rhyme, with a tag of pathos at the finish, is not poetry, and this Wordsworth seems sometimes to have forgotten. Mr. A. C. Bradley, in his admirable Oxford lecture on the poet, is at some pains to elicit greatness—or at any rate, a laboured significance—from "Alice Fell" and "Goody Blake." The fact is that these are unworthy of Wordsworth, and are the sort of rhyming jingle that any tender-hearted schoolboy might put together with ease, provided he possesses a sense of rhythm; the inversions, and the eking out of lines now and then with "did"—"Sob after sob she forth did send"—are too obvious.

Such fault-finding, however, must be set aside entirely when we consider the exceeding beauty, both of form and thought, of the poems that gave Wordsworth immortality. In simplicity and majesty lies their immutable appeal; nothing to compare with them had ever appeared before, save, perhaps, an occasional detached nature-lyric, and nothing has since been written which can thrill the attuned reader as can the grave cadences, so rarely breaking into passion or declamation, of the sonnets and odes of this sweet singer. The sonnet-form appealed irresistibly to Wordsworth. If it were not sufficient proof of this to instance the number of sonnets that he wrote, we can find it in his own exquisitely framed words:—

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells,
And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground,
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be),
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

The rhyme-scheme of this sestet is curious, and very characteristic of the poet. He rarely divided his sonnets into octave and sestet—"picture and reflection"—and he seems hardly to put into practice Leigh Hunt's ideal of the sonnet, but, in his own peculiar way, he wrote it to perfection. What could be more true to Wordsworth's nature, more eloquent of that sensitive, retiring soul of his, than the two sonnets on "Seclusion"? He imagines the war-worn chieftain—

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A head-roll, in his hand a clasped book,

quitting the loud world for solitude, and he echoes in his own heart the desire for quietness and rest:—

Methinks that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering for my sight its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My night-watch; nor should e'er the crested wail
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

It is true that some of the sonnets do not touch, to say the least, a high level of poetry. The sonnet is a rigid task-master, demanding a man's best work and most lofty inspiration, and it is to be feared that Wordsworth often yielded to the impulse to write and "produced" a mediocre sonnet when he had better have kept silent. One need only read through the "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty," and the "Ecclesiastical Sketches," to realise how curiously blind he was at times to the ludicrous effect of a line or a phrase. Such an opening shock as this, for example:—

Jones! while from Calais southward you and I
Urged our accordant steps—

renders the rest of the sonnet almost unreadable. Another on the "Inside of King's College, Cambridge," with its intolerable emphasis on the third word:—

What awful perspective! While from our sight
With gradual palsy the lateral windows hide—

makes the irritated reader feel inclined to retaliate with the exclamation "What awful poetry!" This transposition of emphasis was rather frequent with Wordsworth; a parallel instance may be given from the sonnets on "The River Duddon":—

The wanderer seeks that receptacle vast—

a line which is bad enough to mar the finest sonnet ever penned.

Yet, in spite of these exceptions, it would be impossible to quote a tenth part of the sonnets in which, by delicacy of execution and sympathy of expression, Wordsworth proved himself a master. In them, perhaps more truly than in his longer poems, he set forth his impression of life, and in so doing unveiled his inmost nature. We may allow ourselves space for one more, before concluding with a glance at the lyrics and the lengthy "Excursion." Hardly one of the personal sonnets appeals to us now, perhaps because the recurrent invocatory first line seems to spoil them; to address castles or lords or abstract nouns in this fashion is out-of-date:—

Lowther! In thy majestic Pile are seen . . .
Lonsdale! It were unworthy of a Guest . . .
Tranquillity! The sovereign aim wert thou . . .

But, omitting the oft-quoted lines beginning "The world is too much with us," let us consider a sonnet that is little known—the one entitled "To the Planet Venus." Purists, perhaps, will dispute its right to rank as a sonnet; it opens with a quatrain in the Shakespearean manner, but its sequence of rhymes is rather involved:—

Though joy attend thee orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Daylight, fled from earth,
In the grey sky hath left his lingering ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility,
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

It is in this mingling of reverence for unseen powers and nature-worship that Wordsworth's immortality lies. We see this quality in "The Excursion" again and again, difficult as the poem is to read through without weariness; we find it, of course, in the magnificent "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"; it shines, like a soft, all pervasive glow, through the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection." Swinburne declared that "the test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests"; even if this be true it is but a generalisation, and we might almost risk the statement that in any anthology of Wordsworth's poems those which make the most potent appeal will possess in some form or another this creed of hill and valley and stream, of lake and tarn and cloud, and of God behind it all.

Keats "looked on fine phrases like a lover"; Wordsworth regarded them with suspicion, and only occasionally allowed himself an outburst of the lover's passion. Even then it was usually tempered by some calm, restraining thought, some pensive comment betraying the philosopher wrapped in the poet's mantle. It will often be found that the magic of the resonant lines is due, on analysis, to the subtle use of words such as "relinquished," "unsearchable," "unfathomable,"—words that give the reader, whether he read them to himself in quiet study or hears them read, a sense of richness and power. Let anyone with a good ear for rhythm and a sonorous voice read aloud the noble closing passage of Book IV. in "The Excursion," beginning either with the verse:—

So, westward, toward the unviolated woods,

or, farther back, at the introductory stanza of the previous paragraph, and the secret of Wordsworth's finest composition becomes plainly revealed. Yet, having learnt the secret, who is there among us would dare essay to pen the equal of these reverberating lines? It is a poet's secret—a secret inviolate. The passage is one of Wordsworth's most sustained efforts, and throughout the book there is hardly anything finer than the tranquil majesty of its conclusion. It is too long to quote, and to abbreviate it would be an act of unpardonable vandalism, but to every lover of Wordsworth it will be familiar.

Illumined and relieved by conceptions such as this—rarely, however, so prolonged, never quite so masterly—"The Excursion" rambles on. Here and there it

degenerates into sheer prose broken up into lengths, as can be easily verified. Take these two complete lines: "And further; by contemplating these forms in the relations which they bear to man"—what are they but prose? Or this: "'Yet,' said I, tempted here to interpose, 'the dignity of life is not impaired by aught that innocently satisfies the humbler cravings of the heart.'" Or the following lamentable drop into bathos:—

"Impute it not to impatience, if," exclaimed
The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

Objectionable inversions annoy the student who has an eye for composition; for instance: "Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse." Such lapses probably enhance the beauty of the poetic context, as the oasis is rendered more lovely by the arid encircling desert; intrinsically, however, they cannot be anything but distressing to the careful reader.

In Wordsworth's purely lyrical vein—which was comparatively rare—the best poem is that addressed to "The Daisy," where his play of fancy might have come from Keats in one of his tender, half-humorous moods:—

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest,
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

Many of Wordsworth's other lyrics were spoiled by his besetting sin—sententiousness, a desire to point the moral and adorn the tale.

Of "Yarrow," of the much discussed "Peter Bell" (the best part of which is the introduction), and of the volume of other less important work which the great Lakeside poet gave to the world, we cannot here speak, since our object is not to examine exhaustively any particular poet, but to obtain a general view of his position, and of the methods by which his fame was assured. Walter Pater, in his cool, relentless way, summed up Wordsworth acutely. "Nowhere," he wrote, "is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's poetry, of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. Those who wish to understand his influence, and experience his peculiar savour, must bear with patience the presence of an alien element which never coalesced with what is really delightful in his work, nor underwent his special power." The perplexity is the greater since Wordsworth himself was a trenchant critic of other people's performance—witness his dignified "Observations" prefixed to the "Lyrical Ballads," and the appendix on "Poetic Diction."

Yet, to those who have learned to love Wordsworth—and we use the phrase deliberately, since there are Wordsworthians in the same sense that there are Meredithians—no Swinburnian ecstasies, no idyllic pictures of Tennyson, no calm moonlit heights or sombre vales of Arnold, no profound psychological depths of Browning, can ever usurp the place in their hearts securely held by this poet of the English fells. He "speaks comfortably" to them; he exemplifies religion in poetry, not mere versified religion; to him nature always manifests the presence of an immanent God:

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another vantage hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

With one word from that splendid declaration of faith which seems to become endeared to us but the more every time we read, we may fitly close:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

REVIEWS

APPARENT FAILURE

The True Chatterton. By JOHN H. INGRAM. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Life of Chatterton has this to distinguish it from most Lives of the Poets—it is more important for us than its hero's actual achievements in the fields of poetry. Had he succeeded in his splendid attempt at storming, alone and unaided, the citadel of renown, our reward would, no doubt, have been great; but he failed, and for our consolation he has left us the tragedy of his life. In anthologies we may search for his name in vain, but in the hagiology of literature it shines as bright as any; where Shelley is the high-priest who ministers at the shrine, we cannot but feel that the fire upon the altar is divine.

Mr. Ingram has brought to his task—the complete rehabilitation of Chatterton—two precious qualities, judgment, and, what we believe is in this case, as in so many others, even more essential, sympathy. He is not only zealous for "worth by poverty depress'd," but he also thrills with indignation at the horde of worthless middlemen who traduced genius when they had sucked its blood. He refuses to be drawn into any digressions, and tells his tragic story with simplicity. Chatterton's place in literature is a question that hardly disturbs him; he has nothing to say of the influence of the Rowley Poems on subsequent poetry and the Romantic Revival. He avoids all reference to contemporary men and books, unless they very immediately relate to his subject. Practically the only first-class celebrity we meet with is Horace Walpole, and all the direct information about him is consigned to an appendix; Wilkes plays a part, but a very small one. Chatterton, his home, his life and death, his bid for fame, the desperate odds he had to play against, his friends and enemies, more especially the latter—these are the whole substance of Mr. Ingram's powerful story.

These limitations are doubtless in the nature of things, though it would have been easy to ignore them. It has always been difficult, doubly so since the theories of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, to restrict literary biography to the mere facts in the life of an author; his country and his century will, in nearly all cases, play some sort of a part in his literary development. With Chatterton such a method as is here indicated would have very little value; his environment was the material eighteenth century in the material and narrow society of Bristol; at no time did he get into touch with that wider culture which the name of Horace Walpole suggests. He inherited nothing, and he learnt nothing that the school of common experience had to teach. He had "small Latin, and less Greek," and very little English, and he tried to pass an exotic strain of poetry on the world and to win bread and fame thereby; the only point in which he betrays his epoch is his realisation that the poetry of a mediæval monk, Thomas Rowley, would be more likely to find acceptance than that of a living charity-school boy, Thomas Chatterton.

The champion of Chatterton had formerly to face the enemy with double front. He had to prove that he did write the Rowley Poems, that he was not usurping the throne of a genius, and further, the only surviving difficulty, to show that he was not guilty of gross dishonesty in fathering the offspring of his imagination on a fictitious Rowley. The earlier defenders had to deal with both kinds of

attack; Walpole, himself a literary forger, refused, under the influence of Mason and Gray, to believe in Rowley, and denounced the cheat, but the weight of contemporary opinion was for Rowley against the half-educated scrivener's clerk. Nowadays, we know Rowley for a myth, but we have trouble in justifying the appropriation of his name. Mr. Ingram sets this right by a simple examination of Chatterton's motives; he wanted to gain a public, and he "already knew enough of the world to be fully aware that verses by a poor apprentice boy, even if he could get them published, would only be treated with contempt, whilst if brought out as the composition of a learned priest . . . and as written under the protection of Bristol's most famous citizen . . . they would be certain to obtain wide publicity."

The falseness of Chatterton's self-styled friends, the journey to London, followed by the five months' agony, during which he was writing hopeful letters and sending expensive presents to his home, while all the while starvation was confronting the fearless boy, all these things are told with dramatic simplicity. There are few tragedies that could move more deeply. The book is tastefully and relevantly illustrated. The striking portrait that serves as frontispiece is the only picture of the poet given; portraits of Chatterton, as one may readily believe, are difficult to find; various claimants are discussed in an appendix. The one given is merely "offered to our readers for consideration."

THE TALMUD

Tales and Maxims from the Talmud. By REV. SAMUEL RAPAPORT. (George Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.)

THE original work of the compiler of this book is limited to his own introduction of seventeen pages, written from the Jewish standpoint, and altogether ignoring the modern higher criticism. For example, we are told that "Moses wrote thirteen copies of the Pentateuch, one of which he placed in the Ark of the Covenant, . . . and before he died he handed one to each of the twelve Tribes." Some seventy pages are taken up by "An Essay on the Talmud" by the late Emanuel Deutsch. This learned essay, although it begins with the question, "What is the Talmud?" obviously presupposes considerable knowledge on the part of the reader, for the answer is involved, and lacking in clearness, both historical and chronological. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may say that the Talmud is a copious commentary on the Jewish Law and Scriptures, the result of several centuries of work, dating roughly from the return from the Captivity to the fourth century of the Christian Era. The origin of the Talmud is found in the *Midrash*, i.e., the "investigation" or "interpretation" first given in the synagogue and then written down. There was also a great legal code of civil and ritual observance known as the *Mishna*, from a Hebrew root—"to repeat." Side by side with the *Mishna* grew up the *Gemara*, or "supplement," a commentary partly historical, but largely mythological and legendary. The *Mishna* and *Gemara*, taken together, are known as the *Talmud*, i.e., "teaching," "doctrine." The chief Talmudists flourished in the Rabbinical schools in Palestine during the second and third centuries. But there is also a Babylonian recension which for the most part had its origin in Babylonia not later than the sixth.

The Talmud is a mine of research hitherto but insufficiently exploited. Among the most important questions on which much light is thrown are the social, political, and religious customs and life of the Jews in the time of our Lord, and the relation between Judaism and Christianity. Emanuel Deutsch further points out that "the Talmud offers us a perfect picture of the cosmopolitanism and luxury of those final days of Rome, such as but few classical or post-classical writings contain." There is much of wisdom, wit, and humour in the tales and

maxims selected by Mr. Rapaport. We read that among "the spoilers of life or life's pleasures are: (1) A saintly man who is a simpleton; (2) a woman that takes no pleasure in things womanly." This last may be commended to the notice of Suffragists, and the first to divines who support them. Certain scientific knowledge is supposed by some to be very modern; yet in the Talmud we read, "Flies are conveyancers of disease," and "A wound or cut should never be left open to the air, or rather, to *what is in the air*." Even Marie Corelli's idea of the "Sorrows of Satan" is not altogether original, for the Talmud says, "Satan is not as black as he is painted"; and in another place, "Woman has better instinct in gauging the character of a stranger than man." Mr. Rapaport has made a good selection, which cannot fail to interest the general reader. It is a pity that this book, as so many nowadays, has such an inadequate index.

FICTION

The Peer and the Woman. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THE title of this book may seem to some to suggest an infrequent correlation. We do not pursue that line of thought. We own that we like Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's books, and have spent many interesting hours with them. His composition is not above criticism, and he is the constant purveyor of certain phrases or expressions which are distinctly annoying. His characters are continually "nodding" their assent, until one conjures up before one's eyes some of those exasperating Chinese figures which are an offence to the eyes and a bugbear to the nerves. Again, his men and women are constantly rising "to their feet." What else, in the name of all that has relation to anatomy, could they rise to? Then, again, persons of purely British type are continually shrugging their shoulders. "Said he softly" is supposed to be a favourite phrase of a warrior bold when he is talking to other than womankind. So much for expressions which might, with advantage, be gradually eliminated from these most entertaining books. Another criticism which we might offer is that Mr. Oppenheim is too fond of the peerage. Peers are very good fellows—some of them, and have charming manners—some of them, but the more prosaic middle classes might have a look in sometimes. Again, peers who have enjoyed the position for a reasonable time, and who have had grandfathers, would not be in the least likely to express themselves or bear themselves as Mr. Oppenheim's peers do. He must surely have had a vision of the post-Conference peerage, and be unable to shake off the influence of the hideous nightmare.

The story of "The Peer and the Woman" is a good story well worked up to a climax, and in this respect is far superior to Max Pemberton's work, which commences with strength and advances most provokingly to weakness and anti-climax. Mr. Oppenheim's work is also superior in grammar and knowledge of English composition to anything which Guy Boothby, Fergus Hume or Louis Tracy have produced, and it also is above competing with these writers in the expectation of producing thrills from the commonplace trivial. "The Peer and the Woman" is by no means one of the best of Mr. Oppenheim's novels. For strength it will not compare with "The World's Great Snare," perhaps his best novel, or "The Mysterious Mr. Sabin" or "The Yellow Crayon," but it is distinctly worth reading. One situation—it occurs on pages 193-4—has appeared to us as being so striking and dramatic, that we believe properly handled it would, if committed to canvas, be the finest picture in next year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. So much impressed are we with this unusually powerful scene that we now offer to purchase within a month, at the price of £5, the water-colour sketch which, in our opinion, most faithfully depicts it.

Sir George's Objection. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. (Thos. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

It was not in the nature of Sir George Kerriston to accept facts as they are, to be a student and a lover of human nature rather than a law-giver. His moral idealism was self-formed, and in this wise it made no allowances for those weaknesses which spring from ordinary impulse. This is not to say that he was wrong, but merely autocratic, and no man is so perfect as to be justified in laying claim to a moral absolutism. Yet this was exactly the case with Sir George Kerriston. In everything but his moral idealism he was human, but in his pet character he was a law unto himself. Thus, when he discovers that the beautiful Miss Roberts, to whom his only son is engaged, is the daughter of a man who, at the time of her birth, had been convicted and condemned as a criminal, one may well expect that objection which is registered in the title of the story. The story has been carefully thought out; so carefully, indeed, that in the minute analysis of the various characters—and there are many—the detailing has a tendency to exhaust one's patience. Sympathy with the characters one desires to portray is, of course, a *sine qua non* to good writing, but one can imagine it may reach to such an absurd degree as to be nothing else than maudlin. Apart from this questionable weakness, Mrs. Clifford's book may be recommended as a very fair specimen of the novelist's art.

THE THEATRE

APART from one or two charity matinees and the productions of several new one-act plays, as to all of which we do not think it necessary to say anything, the theatre is in that stagnant condition into which it always falls at this time of year. Day after day one theatre after another invents its curious paragraph and puts up its shutters. In those which remain open the leading actors slip quietly out of the bill and disappear to the sea coast for a brief holiday. To the unobservant eye it would seem that lethargy has settled down upon everything theatrical. How utterly wrong is this conclusion is proved by the fact that in the offices of the theatres whose doors are closed there is already an eager and wistful stirring, and already there may be seen hurrying up staircases and alleyways which lead to stage doors, numbers of persons dressed all in their best, anxiously endeavouring to persuade the managers to engage them for their forthcoming productions. Already a round dozen new and original plays have been decided upon, have been cast and have been furnished with scenery. In another round dozen of the leading theatres there is an air of uneasy peace which no later than the beginning of August will be broken by the incessant passing of feet, long daily rehearsals, mysterious consultations by those persons who are dressed in a little brief authority. All these things are preparatory to a very scramble of first nights.

The little bird who knows most things tells us that there are to be two or three, at least, interesting plays on the bills between August the thirtieth and September the fifteenth. We are glad to know that Mr. W. J. Locke's dramatic work will be given to us. His new play is called, we are told, "The Man from the Sea." It is to be produced by Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, one of the few enlightened managers of London, who has engaged some of the most able of our actors and actresses for its interpretation. Mr. Robert Loraine, Miss Cecilia Loftus and Miss Beryl Faber are among the number. Hitherto, Mr. Locke has been more successful as a novelist than as a dramatist. Behind the glare of the footlights his plots have seemed to be a little insincere and far-fetched, a little strained in their endeavour to be fantastic. His dialogue too, good as it is, suffers from a rather priggish, High Schoolmaster manner, and there is always in his plays a touch of crude melodrama which has the effect of throwing the rest of the play out of tune. We look forward, however, with great interest to this new effort.

It is a pity that Sir Arthur Pinero will not, after all, show us next season that he can still write a pleasant play. He has not been able to complete the piece which Mr. Frohman intended to "present" at the Comedy Theatre. Miss Irene Vanbrugh will make her re-appearance in a very free adaptation from the French of MM. Tristan Bernard and Alfred Athis at the Duke of York's Theatre. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is responsible for this work, which will be called "A Bolt from the Blue." Its French title was "Le Costaud des Epinettes." We saw the play in Paris and were greatly entertained by it, especially by its first act, which is laid in an Apache café in the Quartier inhabited by the heterogeneous underworld of Paris. We understand that its interesting atmosphere will be retained in the English version. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton will also be responsible, as collaborator, for the new play at the Comedy Theatre, in which that very nice actress, Miss Marie Löhr, will appear in the principal part.

We are greatly surprised to see that Miss Evelyn Millard has chosen M. Pierre Berton's play "La Rencontre," adapted by Mr. Rudolf Besier. Of all plays which have been produced recently in France this seemed to us to be the least adaptable. Its one dramatic moment is peculiarly French. If this be bowdlerised, the drama will evaporate and the play will remain dull and talky. We do not envy the Censor in regard to this adaptation.

Sir Herbert Tree is already hard at work upon his forthcoming representations of Shakespeare's Henry VIII. He is discovering various reasons why Wolsey shall be represented as a portly person. Whether we agree with his reading of the play or not, we are likely to be greatly interested in the historical pageant which is promised.

The autumn season will be the parent of a new theatre. Its mistress is to be the well-known actress Miss Gertrude Kingston. There is something almost Gilbertian in the fact that Miss Kingston's Little Theatre rises upon the foundations of Coutts's Bank in the Strand. What the old customers who were wont to pass in and out of the almost religiously old-fashioned building, regulated by old-fashioned people, to whom the word stage was anathema, and whose habit it was to regard actors as vagabonds, would say if they knew that there is to be a theatre on the very spot where stood shelves of pass-books, we know quite well, though we refrain from putting their thoughts into print. The site is, however, a good one, and we wish Miss Kingston every success in her enterprise.

We read with mingled amusement and pity that Miss Kingston has formulated the plan of not permitting the critics to know the names of the authors of her plays until after they have written their notices. In a very natural and laudable endeavour to be original, Miss Kingston has, we have to confess, conceived an almost diabolically cruel scheme. The critics, as a whole, are very human and very uncritical in the sense that they are not experts. For the most part they are journalists who write about plays after their day's work is done. They arrive at the theatre to witness a new production tired and without enthusiasm, and they leave it at the earliest possible moment in order to scribble a hasty and unthought-out notice in time for press. The exigencies of modern daily newspaper production make it impossible for them to deal with the theatre with any greater consideration than is given to a society wedding, divorce case or funeral. Daily newspaper criticisms of plays are, therefore, not criticisms at all. They have become mere notices, journalistically expressed. As such they are without value, except as what is called "news." The critics have for some years, more or less, made up their minds what they are going to say about a play before they have seen it, and the space which is allotted to them depends entirely on the name of the dramatist or of the actor-manager. If a play is written by one or other of the leading writers a column is allowed for it and a column has to be filled. In these notices the word "great" frequently appears, and only the youngest of the critics in the youngest of the daily papers is bold enough to say

anything disparaging of the play, and he only does so to draw more attention to himself than the play. Plays by new writers, by novelists, and adaptations are, as a rule, either run down or dismissed in a few lines. Very little attempt is made to estimate acting. The word "adequate" covers a multitude of sins. When Mr. Bernard Shaw writes a play there is a flutter in the critical dovecots. He is never understood and his work is dealt with much in the same way as a murder trial. It is treated to descriptive writing and the word cheap is always used. If these critics are to be allowed to retain a shred of self-respect, Miss Kingston must be petitioned against carrying out her plan. Conceive into what a panic they will be flung if they are to write notices of plays without knowing the names of their authors. It will lead to the most curious results. Unknown writers will be accorded a column, perhaps, while distinguished dramatists will obtain only a paragraph. The former may be called great and the latter mere beginners, so that when the authorship of these pieces is announced the critics will become the laughing-stock of their immediate circle of friends, and they will approach first nights with even less courage than they do at present. We still remember very well what happened to the critics in the case of "An Englishman's Home." No name was attached to this play. It was a piece which fell under no stereotyped category. It was, as we know now, written by a beginner. It happened, however, not perhaps purely by accident, that a certain very distinguished dramatist sat in a box on the first night. Being a shy man he endeavoured to hide himself from view, but the journalistic eye soon detected him and the word went round that he must be the author of the play. As his name had never been affixed to a failure and he is known to have made a large fortune from his plays, the critics, jumping at the conclusion that the piece was his work, spent themselves in enthusiasm. If this gentleman had not been in that box the play would have been dismissed as a piece of jingoism, badly constructed and badly written. The critics are an honourable and harmless set of men, and we do not think that it is either fair or kind of Miss Kingston to tease them in the manner in which she has threatened to do.

SOME ASPECTS OF MOROCCO

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IV.—THE JEWS OF FEZ.

THE other business quarter of Fez is the Mella, where the 15,000 Jews live isolated from the Moors. The Mella is an institution peculiar to Morocco, and is the subject of much divergent opinion and comment. Coming from a country where the Jews hold a position second to none, where gradually the control of its finances is passing into their hands, where year by year their wealth, their influence, and their capacity for mutual support become more and more manifest, it is surprising—perhaps even a trifle refreshing—to find amongst the savage tribes of Morocco that there is an inviolable line of demarcation drawn between the native owners of the soil and those aliens whom the charity of former Sultans has allowed to settle in their midst. The Moor in his attitude towards the Jew is still guided by the natural and legitimate determination to maintain the supremacy of his race, as was laid down by a Caid after the revolution which broke the power of the Jews. "We appreciate your utility and your many excellent qualities," says the Moor, "and we know that in many ways you are superior to ourselves; but, at the same time, experience has taught us the perils which we undergo by having you in our midst. Therefore, as the soil of our country is our own, and as you have voluntarily placed yourselves under our protection, relying on our kindness, our generosity, and even on our simplicity to provide you

with a wide and fruitful field for your peculiar enterprise, you must for your part abide by the rules which we have laid down for the safeguarding of our interests and the regulation of your lives and habits. We admit that, commercially, you are our superiors—thanks to the patience and tenacity of your temperament, which have been gradually acquired after long years of relentless persecution in all parts of the world, to the frugality of your lives, to your power of obtaining the last denarii out of any bargain, and to the fact that your only interests in life are the observance of your religion and the attractions of commerce. Sport, pleasure, and profession of arms play no part in your concentrated lives. But we are different. We share none of that love of toil peculiar to your race. We are a joyous people, delighting in good living, music, and outdoor exercise. We love to quarrel with our neighbours and go on expeditions against them. We like to sit for hours meditating on the eternal goodness of Allah, who has provided us with a fertile soil and so many charming wives. We would not part with our easy-going, pleasure-loving, procrastinating dispositions for yours, which contain the solid qualities which go to make what is called success. Therefore, unless we safeguard ourselves, we would be swamped by your industry and your commercial astuteness before we had time to realise that our freedom was slipping from our grasp. Once in our history, before we regulated your lives and habits, you became too powerful, so that you ruled our town. You lent us money at such high rates of interest that our houses, and even our mosques, were mortgaged to satisfy your demands. A revolution squared the account, and since then, by careful precautions, we have managed to preserve the upper hand. We give you a portion of our fair city: we have surrounded it by a high wall, and it shall be your home. You are free to wander where you will by day, but at sunset all of you must be within its gates. In this enclosure you may own property, build houses, and open your shops. As you increase and multiply in numbers the property in the Mella will rise enormously in value, and therefore a unique opportunity will be afforded you of exercising the peculiar powers of your race in acquiring and concentrating everything in the hands of the few. This will not be done in easy competition with puny antagonists, lovers of pleasure like ourselves, but in open, fierce, sustained competition with one another. Here the fires of your energy will find a worthy fuel, and the eventful triumph of the few who will absorb and devour the holdings of the many will reflect infinitely more credit on the successful than had their wealth been obtained from amongst ourselves. You shall regulate your own lives, be free to exercise your own religion, and to have your schools and charitable institutions, and also your own prisons for minor offences. During the day you may leave the Mella and trade in our markets; you may attach yourselves to the great Caid, and become their financial advisers, and make large profits by catering to their needs. We for our part will provide you with a Caid whose business it will be to watch over the Mella, to see that our regulations are obeyed, and to protect it from any outburst of mistimed fanaticism. Another official shall see that perfect justice is done in any civil or criminal cause between Moor and Jew. But to maintain the outward and visible sign that we are masters and you but tolerated aliens, you must never leave the Mella except in a black gown and in bare feet. You must enter the presence of a Moor in an attitude of obsequious respect. You must never ride outside the Mella on horses or mules unless it be to journey to a distant town; and, as a peculiar sign of your subservience, it shall be your privilege to remove the old heads from the Bab el Malabu and to hang up those of fresh rebels when they are brought in from expeditions."

In consequence of these regulations, the Jews have suffered less real persecution in Morocco than in Europe. But the result of this concentration of Jewish perseverance and astuteness into a limited space, where the fires for want of fuel consume themselves, has made the Mella a

unique study of contrasts in wealth and squalor. When you pass through its gates and enter its narrow, filthy streets, with the upper storeys of the houses protruding over the lower, and almost shutting out the light, you imagine you have entered His Majesty's Theatre during the performance of the "Merchant of Venice," to find not one Beerbohm Tree, but thousands, pouring out of every street, imitating his peculiar gestures of avarice, rage, triumph, and despair; while from the upper storeys of the old houses countless Jessicas gaze upon the busy scene below. The filth of the streets is indescribable. Every household throws its refuse out of the windows, and only the disinfecting rays of the African sun save the town from an epidemic. As it is, the mortality from small-pox is great. Some of the Jews are in the last stage of poverty, and others are possessed of wealth and splendour. Lazarus reclines on the offal-heap thrown from the palace of Cræsus. Yet when the two rub shoulders in the streets it is difficult to tell which is the rich man and which is the poor. Their garb is similar, so also is their manner of dressing their hair and trimming their beards. Cræsus walks in all his splendour whilst Lazarus cringes by, searching the offal-heap for a rejected crust. But in Morocco the glory of accumulated wealth does not remain with the possessor until he reaches the walls of heaven—it merely carries him to the gates of Mella. There Cræsus sinks to the shame of Lazarus. Both must remove their shoes and wend their way through the streets barefooted. Cræsus may own a thousand horses or mules, yet he must trudge the streets with poor Lazarus. Both must dress in a black cap and black outer robe, through which all the silks and brocades of the Orient cannot shine. Both must enter the presence of the children of the Prophet bareheaded, and both must expect to be insulted and jostled, just as was old Shylock by the Venetians; both must eat of the unleavened bread of a despised race. The rich Jews of Fez care nought for outside appearances, and the entrances and approaches to their homes are invariably humble and unpretentious: the glory of a Jew's life is to build himself a house on land of his own and to bestow all his care on the decoration of the interior, and it is not until you enter that you discover evidences of wealth and prosperity. Some of the houses in the Mella would attract attention in any city in Europe, whilst others are mere hovels which would be closed by the authorities. Beautiful mosaic floors and walls, richly decorated ceilings, carved woodwork, and stained-glass windows, and every luxury and comfort of the Orient, are found in the former; whilst in the latter, dirt, squalor, and misery are shared by the overcrowded tenants.

THE ART OF A NATION

In a small, unpretentious iron shed, tucked away between the Natural History Museum and the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, there is at present on view the result of a year's work from "Schools recognised under the regulations for Technical Schools, Schools of Art, and other forms of provision to Further Education in England and Wales." In other words, what is on view are those works selected at the National Competition by various committees of alleged expert judges. It would surely have been more advisable, had the necessary space been available, to hang all the exhibits and to allow the general public to form its own opinion of individual merit and collective progress. The public, general or eclectic, however much it may admire the works of our most famous artists, must have become convinced that even the best creative spirit has not necessarily—nay, indeed, almost necessarily has not—the finest critical judgment. It is too much to expect artists with such marked individuality as Sir George Frampton, Bertram Mackennal, George Clausen, J. Seymour Lucas, Sir W. B. Richmond, or Robert Anning Bell, to form a correct opinion of work that differs so materially in technique from their own, or

to gauge accurately the commercial possibilities of artistic production. General feeling on this subject would undoubtedly have been better satisfied had the judges for the competition been drawn from the ranks of men whose artistic education is only equalled by their natural critical faculties, such, for example, as Mr. Claude Phillips or Mr. Humphry Ward.

The true aim and object of the art schools of Great Britain should undoubtedly be to foster those forms of artistic creation which, by application to allied arts, have a distinct commercial value. Even the briefest inspection of the tin hut at South Kensington will show how lamentably the efforts of both teachers and pupils have failed. With the solitary exception of book-binding and lettering, in which inherited tradition gives us a start over most other nations, there is hardly a single work of creative originality, nor is there even a copy of old masterpieces that shows promise of better things to come. The main fault for this deficiency lies at the door of those manufacturing companies whose success depends upon artistic production. It will be noticed that it is only among book illustrations and posters that any really good work is visible, for it is only in this type of work that an artist with a natural craving for fame finds an opportunity for bringing his name before the public eye. In the allied arts the designer's name is too often sunk in the manufacturing company that does him the honour to employ him. If, for example, a foreign potentate is visiting our noble City of London, and is to be presented with a golden casket by the Lord Mayor, one reads announcements in the papers that "this magnificent example of the goldsmith's art was specially designed and manufactured for the occasion by Messrs. Blank, Dash, and Asterisk and Co., Ltd.," but never a word of praise is bestowed upon the artist whose craft and skill were employed upon the design. If only a little fame could be the portion of these often skilful designers, the demand for their services would inevitably increase the supply and raise the whole standard of artistic production.

The other fault which militates so much against the evolution of artistic genius in these schools may safely be attributed to the conduct of the schools themselves. Two of the rooms in which the exhibition is held are devoted to the childish type of study that one associates with the drawing class of the under fifth in a public school. The English nation is rather too apt to take the pseudo-epigrams of their literary classics as universal axioms, and the whole trend of artistic education seems to be guided by Carlyle's definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The drawing master, in consequence, sits his pupil down opposite a bust of the antique, and leaves him there with a supply of pencils, paper, and indiarubber until he has reproduced an exact copy of the statue before his eyes. This in itself is sufficient to damp any originality, while no attempt is made to inculcate any appreciation of colour values, or to foster any genius which does not conform to the strictest canons of classic art. When, in addition, the inefficient examiners themselves "regret to see so many copies of the small Hercules from the British Museum, which they do not consider to be a good example for students to copy," it must be obvious even to the most conservative temperament that something is very wrong with the method of teaching. In this respect the reports of the examiners themselves, which are bound in the list of students rewarded in the Board of Education publication, makes very interesting reading. It will be noticed that in all the classes devoted exclusively to copying the standard of last year is either "well maintained" or "considerably improved upon," while in nearly all those sections that of themselves require either originality of thought or of treatment, the examiners "regret to note a considerable backwardness."

Taking the individual awards, some fourteen gold medals have been presented, of which only two go to students whose work is of real merit. Leslie M. Ward, of the Drummond Road, Bournemouth, School, is showing some excellent book illustrations, while Lucy Pierce, of

the Hackney Institute, displays a fine sense of colour and considerable sentiment in her illustrations of Biblical subjects, and of Keats's inspiring poems. The remainder of the gold-medal work, though, truth to tell, none of it is bad, is sufficiently dull and uninspiring to have warranted the approval of those Royal Academicians who sat in judgment upon it. Among the silver medallists, Julian Gould, of the Leicester School of Art, has a freedom and strength of touch and a great power of expression which is quite refreshing, while Marjorie Grey, from the Armstrong College at Newcastle, has exactly the right touch of large line work and simple colouring which is requisite for reproduction in posters and advertisements. The work of Herbert Valcees, from the Brighton School, and of William Westcott—who, incidentally, embraces the unromantic profession of a market gardener—of the Cheltenham School, are both worth more than the bronze medals by which they have been rewarded. Violet Hawkes, of Liverpool, shows something approaching genius that, with careful nourishment, might grow into the real thing, but at present she seems slightly diffident of herself, and her work is too unfinished to warrant a better appreciation of her capabilities.

The study of animals from real life produces some of the best work in the exhibition; Stavert Cash's study of Polar bears seems but very inadequately recompensed by the bronze medal. Mildred Armstrong's designs for illuminated pages; a sketch of a man's head in oils by Marjorie Bates, of Nottingham; some designs for book illustrations after Dulac, by William Goodrich, from Sheffield; and some really magnificent lithographs by Stanley Royle, of the same school, complete the list of medal winners in a very poor collection.

The only architectural work of value is a model design for a staircase and newel posts after the Renaissance style, and the solitary reward, apart from the satisfaction of good work well done, is a "National Book Prize." Similar treasures are the recompense of William Myers, of Manchester, for an oil painting in the nude; David Jagger for some excellent lithograph designs; Willie Edmund-Grace for some excellent compositions after the style of Sir John Gilbert; John Adams, for the only good piece of pottery, a *sung-de-huuf* bowl—both students come from Stoke-on-Trent; and of Thomas Hamson, of Walsall, for some excellent studies of white rats. But the only work of applied art that has any real creative or artistic merit has the doubtful honour of commendation only. Henry Simpson, of Aston Manor, exhibits the model of a rose-bowl surmounted by a Cupid, which, but for the fact that, being only a model, it is rather rough and unfinished, is by far the best production of the National Art Schools for the year.

BOTTICELLI AND PERUGINO

II.

BOTTICELLI is much the stronger and healthier personality of the two, and in his emotional scale is proportionately wider. In his early fresco of Saint Augustine in the Church of Ognissanti in Florence he rises to sheer tragedy. The strong, refined face is not the face of a dreamer. The thought whose urgency seems almost to torture it is definite, practical thought. The expression is great, passionate, and intensely, almost painfully, human. And, again, his power of expressing movement opens for him a world unknown to Perugino. If his figures are not in themselves joyous, at least they have about them, and can impart, all the tingling joyousness of swift movement. There is an Annunciation in Florence which is positively tonic to look at. Gabriel has just arrived round the doorpost; his draperies still swing back from him on the curve of his course, and one seems to realise all the long flight earthwards to the open door near which he kneels. It is as invigorating as a motor drive on a breezy day. With

these wide powers of expression and his greater strength of character, he can present his souls-in-bodies to us without the cloying effect which in some degree is almost always inevitable in Perugino. Like Perugino's, his saints have reached their asceticism through passion, but they have no sentimental regrets. Indeed, if one wished to define, in a loose and general fashion, the difference which separates the spirit of the two artists one might say that Perugino's characters look back into the past, and Botticelli's look forward, though often vaguely enough, into the future. The first live on their regrets, the second on their hopes.

In Botticelli, as has been said already, one feels strongly the strange fascination of that indefinite temperament which hovers between the sensual and the spiritual. Those lithe, cold bodies are unnatural, but it is in this very fact that their sensuality consists, for their unnaturalness is the accentuation and not the under-statement of bodily nature. Their bony, over-modelled faces and full lips, the almost precious play of their delicate, conscious hands, are all intensely sensual and intensely spiritual. The sensual and the spiritual, too, are mingled inseparably in their faces and eyes. One is conscious of the coming and going of breath in a sort of cold ecstasy through their unclosed lips. They find a sensual joy in their spiritual emotions, and their joy in sense is spiritual. They are like children in whom the sex is beginning to develop; they marvel at their new-found selves. They are pure, for the idea of sin is unknown to them. What others call sin is for them Nature. It is this air about so many of Botticelli's angels and Madonnas that makes one half expect to see them change suddenly into the nymphs and fauns of some exquisite pagan myth.

In the light of these two character-studies it might be interesting to look at some of the details which have come down to us of the personalities of the two artists. The Perugino revealed to us in his paintings has a strong feeling for beauty—beauty of colour, of landscape, and of face and form. His sensitive nature tries vaguely and vainly to understand the reason of creation, the meaning of humanity. He is conscious, one would say, of some hidden flood of power—God, fate, natural law; call it what you will—and he lets himself drift passively before its tide. He regrets, but he never resists. He is a fatalist. Tradition says that Perugino was a keen money-maker; that he was fond of dressing up his beautiful young wife in gorgeous clothes, that he had little religion, and disbelieved in the immortality of the soul. The first two characteristics, whether good or bad, are certainly those of an artist, a lover of beauty and colour. Money alone can procure the rich stuffs and beautiful things, the textures and colours and forms which are the ministers to the artistic soul; and when we hear that Perugino bought himself houses in Florence and Perugia, it seems only natural that the painter of wide airy spaces should long to move in the courts and spacious rooms of some Renaissance palazzo. Then there is the story of Perugino's Atheism, about which the critics are so divided. Some refuse to believe that one who painted such intensely religious pictures could be an unbeliever. Others accept it as one of the paradoxes of life. Both views are based on the old fallacy, still so surprisingly vigorous, that every Christian is, *ipso facto*, good, and every Atheist wicked. It ignores the fact that disbelief in a personal life after death is not inconsistent with an intensely religious mind. And so, as regards the Perugino of troubled saints and half-mystical, half-sensual Madonnas, this story of Atheism may be untrue, but cannot be improbable. One might go further and say that if its truth were established it would add to the human interest and mystery of his pictures.

The story of Botticelli's life is much more picturesquely alive than that of Perugino's, and enables one, in conjunction with his paintings, to reconstruct a vivid and charming personality. Like his paintings, it is the pathetic story of a keenly sensitive nature. Vasari tells of him as a wayward boy, constantly discontented and

refusing to learn to read and write. Already one sees the first restless stirrings of genius were beginning indefinitely to trouble him. Like so many artistic natures, necessarily more highly strung and acutely alive than others, Botticelli delighted in wild fun and practical jokes. Here, again, the critics, without a thought for human nature, wonder at this characteristic in so earnest and devoted an artist. Not only is it typical, but other instances abound. Beethoven is one of many. Botticelli was, above all painters, an idealist, and his ideal beckoned him along winding paths. Now he strives to express it in his dreamy Madonnas and gold-haired children, now it leads him to a passionate study of Dante or a wistful embodiment of the Greek myths, which the Renaissance had reawakened from oblivion. And it was this sensitive, impressionable idealism that made him later on so easy a victim to the preaching of Savonarola, which killed the exquisite paganism in him and made his old age and death the pathetic tragedy which they are. There are many artistic personalities stronger and greater than these two, but in no others shall we catch so poignantly that wistful, alluring glimpse of the human soul at the moment when its eyes have begun to turn inward upon itself, which transforms the paintings of both, but especially those of Botticelli (because of his paganism) into a spiritual history of the Re-birth.

DRY-FLY FISHING

"He that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself."—ISAAC WALTON.

DRY-FLY fishing is the most fascinating of all branches of angling, it is also the most difficult, and it requires the best weapons. How, when, and where it originated as a method distinct from fishing with the wet-fly has been the subject of much controversy, and is still wrapped in mystery. It might have been expected that the Journal of the Houghton Club would have chronicled the first use of the dry-fly on the Test, but no mention is to be found in it of the time when it was first introduced at Houghton. The Itchen, the Test, and the Wandle may all lay claim, with some show of probability, to the honour of having given it birth. It seems likely, however, that many anglers on different rivers made the discovery for themselves that a new fly, which would be a dry-fly, would attract a trout where a previous pattern which was wet had failed. But the idea of fishing regularly with a dry-fly, and drying the fly in the air before each cast, seems to have begun to spread after 1870, and the earliest names to be associated with the new method are those of G. S. Marryat, H. S. Hall, Sir Edward Grey, and F. M. Halford. A dry-fly can only be used with effect when trout are rising, and though some writers have advocated the practice of casting a fly at other times so that it shall float over likely places, this is not accepted as correct by the masters of the craft, being held to savour rather too much of the "chuck-and-chance-it" methods of wet-fly fishermen.

Anglers who habitually used the dry-fly, and regularly fished only over rising trout, gradually came to form a special school with a code of laws of their own; their methods and self-imposed limitations being explained to the public in a series of works on dry-fly fishing by Mr. F. M. Halford, who may thus be justly considered as the father of dry-fly fishermen. His system is based upon the initial theory that the artificial fly to be used must be an accurate imitation of the fly that is on the water at the time and upon which the trout are feeding. It must also be delivered or floated over the rising fish in such a manner as to represent the insect as the trout would probably see it. This development of the cult of the dry-fly has greatly added to the interest of angling, enlarging its boundaries and increasing its possibilities as a sport and as a science, besides producing a small

library of books on the subject. The use of the dry-fly is not confined now to our south-country chalk streams; it has spread to the clear limestone rivers of Derbyshire and the Yorkshire dales. Even in the rivers of Herefordshire and Devonshire the education of the trout has proceeded apace, and it is little use to fish in them with a wet-fly after April if the weather is bright and the water low.

But if this is the highest form of angling it tends more and more to become the sport of the leisured and the well-to-do. Rods and lengths on the south-country chalk streams become every year more expensive and more difficult to secure. The rod built of split cane has displaced the old greenheart rod, and costs pounds instead of shillings. The trout run large, and strain the fine tackle to the utmost limits; so that, in the matter of line, gut, and flies "penny-wise is pound-foolish" where the angler depends so entirely upon these for his success. Then, again, an odd day stolen now and then from a busy life, however sweet it may be, is apt to be very disappointing. There are so many chances against the angler. There may be no rise of fly on that particular day, or the big fish may not be feeding, or the water may be wrong, or weed-cutting may be in full swing. Happy is the angler who owns his own water and is master of his own time, for hurry in any form is fatal to success in dry-fly fishing; and hurried a man is bound to be, consciously or unconsciously, with disastrous results to temper, tackle, and creel, if he feels that the fish rising in front of him is his only chance, if he must be continually looking at his watch for fear of missing his train, if another angler is pushing on close behind him, or if he fears to find somebody else has been before him with the big fish that lives in the next meadow. He should have exclusive rights and plenty of time if his motto is to be "Watch and wait." It may be argued that this tends to make a dry-fly fisherman selfish; but angling is essentially a solitary sport, so long as the angler is at the river-side; though at other times few men are so sociably inclined.

The higher education of the trout of the present day is often laid at the door of the dry-fly fisherman; and, in part, this may be true. But the bad angler priks and scares far more fish than the good one, and we are apt to forget what multitudes of anglers there are to-day—good, bad, and indifferent—compared with the numbers of fifty years ago. Indeed, our trout must almost have died out altogether were it not for the impetus that the dry-fly movement has given to trout-protection, restocking, and pisciculture. Moreover, the dry-fly fisherman catches the biggest trout in the stream, and deliberately fishes for them, whilst neglecting the smaller ones; and this is always an advantage to a river, as the old trout do much harm and no good.

The last word has not yet been said on the subject of flies. All our earlier angling authors loved to give lists, more or less fanciful and elaborate, of their favourite flies. But Ronalds, whose "Fly-fisher's Entomology" was published in 1836, was the first to pay serious attention to the science of entomology as applied to angling, and to show the natural fly figured in juxtaposition with the artificial. As long ago, however, as 1787, in the second part of his "Art of Angling," Thomas Best recommended making a collection of the various flies to be found on different rivers. Assuming that the angler must imitate Nature in regard to the flies necessary for his use, he advises him "to make a selection of the natural flies he means to imitate, for artificial fly-fishing, in the different countries he angles in, and put them in a glass case for preservation."

This suggestion has been taken seriously of late by certain members of the Fly Fishers' Club, and one of the most fruitful results of the dry-fly movement has been the collection of flies from the chief trout streams of England. A sub-committee under the able chairmanship of Mr. Halford undertook to tabulate the chief trout rivers of this country with reference to their insect life. The proposal aroused considerable interest, and many members

of the club and their friends have collected specimens and made careful notes of the various flies observed by them on the streams in which they have fished. Special attention has so far been given to the several stages of the development of the May-fly and olive spinner, the collection of sedges, and the illustration of their numerous varieties. A list has already been made and published in the *Field* of the flies actually captured on the rivers Test, Itchen, Anton, Kennet, Willey, and Wharfe; and this forms a valuable contribution towards the classification of the fly-fishers' entomology of the British trout streams.

If the chalk stream trout is an epicure amongst trout, the dry-fly fisher is austere to a degree in the limits that he imposes upon himself. Mere numbers are nothing to him; he prides himself rather, if he allows himself any such feeling as pride, upon the size of his fish. It is hardly too much to say that in the near future the inquiry in the best circles will no longer be "What luck?" but "What is your average?" meaning "How many casts did you make in proportion to the trout in your creel?" To catch a brace or a leash of good trout as the result of careful watching, judicious selection, and accurate casting is the ideal of the dry-fly school.

RIVER LOCKS

THE true philosopher, he to whom is given that thrice-blessed knowledge of when to work heartily and when to dream idly, never passes by a lock or a weir. He hears in the sound of the water a musical whisper from the voice of Reverie, his mistress on lazy days and holidays, and he lingers, spellbound, while she murmurs to him her thoughts, her strange desires, her stories of lands that she can see beyond his vision. It matters not whether it be a smart, white-painted, busy lock on the Thames or some old, dilapidated barrier on a Midland stream, choked with weeds and opened perhaps once a week—it is all one to him; his eyes grow bright, his pipe comes from his pocket, and he must lean against railings or huge black handle to dream. To him "there are thoughts which are companions, having a language."

Over more ordinary mortals the lock has also very often an irresistible fascination, more especially the type of river-gate so frequently occurring on our beloved Thames, although precisely wherein the attraction lies it is not easy to say. It may be in the curious, slow rise of the water, whirling and foaming up between the launches and boats, the gradual levelling of the faces which a minute or two ago peered up into others that watched from the granite coping, or in the mysterious swing of the big doors at last, when the turmoil has ceased and the motley procession, with here a bump and there a shouted warning, floats out to the broad bosom of the river once more. Whatever the cause, we all feel compelled to look on, and on a sunny summer day there can be few more wholly pleasing pictures than this process of entering, waiting, and leaving the lock-pool. So many items assist to limn it—the tug, dingy and noisy, impatient and emphatic, throwing a flounce of foam from her screw, snoring and blowing even when at rest; the pleasure-launch, with bell-toned funnel of dazzling brass, trim and sleek and silent, giving just one backward kick of her propeller and a quiet swirl of water, and sliding to stillness like a ghost; between these, a whole array of different craft—tiny outriggers with boy and girl, lad and lover; lengthy punts, with cushions and hampers that foretell cosy hours beneath the willows later on—all pass by, and the lock empties and fills, empties and fills, the livelong day.

One can dream and commune with Mistress Reverie, perhaps, confronted with such a spectacle of colour and life, listening to such a merry cacophony of chatter and cry; but for the real idle hour at the ideal lock-gate the pedestrian who loves these things betakes himself to some less frequented spot. There are locks on the Nene, on

the Bedford Ouse, on the Medway, where nothing passes but an occasional barge drawn by a couple of slow, sturdy horses; where it is possible to dream for a whole drowsy summer afternoon, with naught to disturb but the sleepy trickle of the river as it leaks through gaps in the worn wooden slides, the hum of big, furry bees, the sharp singing of winged friends on tiny errands intent, and perhaps the consciousness of a book in the pocket that it is almost too much effort to take out and read. On either hand stretch wide meadows, covered with a sheen of gold from buttercups and kingcups, soon to be fragrant with purple clover blooms and tinged with red from seedling grasses. From the little green hillock at the edge, where no keeper's dwelling interferes with the view (for these lonely locks are opened and shut by whoever wishes to pass) a surprising expanse of flat country, intensely tranquil, intensely English, and, in its way, incomparably beautiful with its wealth of flowers, its low hedgerows, its dome of azure sky, can be seen. Through it winds the pale blue ribbon of the river, very slowly, very silently, only whispering here and there as it eddies round the roots of starry forget-me-nots at a bend, or glides placidly among the tall rushes. At intervals on the bank a line of tough old pollard-willows stand like stumpy soldiers with top-knots of green, and one or two always slant forward from the others, as though they glanced back to see that their companions were keeping rank.

Up to the lock gates, generally, creeps a narrow path, for the lock forms a convenient bridge. Where it comes from none can tell, nor is its destination visible; but very likely there is a mill somewhere out of sight, and the river, as if it had forgotten, will double back on itself to drive the moss-grown wheel, prisoned into a steep artificial channel, and, for once, noisy. Often such a foot-track will lead to lock after lock, taking short cuts across wide bends; and to follow this simple guide is to know the inner delights of a country ramble, to find, in spite of growing towns and tongues of houses that look up the green, some of the true peace and the innate poetry which abides in many miles of this still dreaming land. It is the kind of scenery which the visitor from abroad, intent on monuments and birthplaces and castles, rarely or never sees.

To watch a barge enter and exit from such a lock as this is as great a contrast to the picture at Molesey or Sunbury as could be found. The great dusky thing creeps along, a sombre speck on the silvery water, and with a terrible creaking and groaning the big sluices are opened. The men lean against the long black arms, the shaking gates swing widely, and the barge is towed inside. The horses are free to graze or doze for a while, for probably this opportunity for a rest, a pipe, or a meal, will be taken—your bargeman is not in a hurry, as a rule; his ways are not as the ways of railway people. By and by, his clumsy but capacious craft floats out, its dark flanks bronzed by the sunlight, and in a few minutes it is gliding off into the depths of those blossoming fields without a sound save the measured tread of the horses' hoofs. It is the traffic of a lotus-land.

Other locks, those on the canals, for example, have more of the strenuous life about them, and less to boast of in the way of scenery; but in one case, at all events, the locks make a novel landscape of their own. Near Blisworth, in Northamptonshire, is a "flight" of about a dozen locks, like so many steps of a stair up which the canal climbs, and most curious it is to witness the hauling of a barge far above the level of one's head. Lockmen and bargemen alike have busy times here; language is not always as courteous as could be wished; and one can well imagine the disgust of the bargeman's soul when he comes to this spot at the end of a long day—for, naturally, he must not halt; he must negotiate the whole lot or none at all. This, however, is no place to woo sweet Reverie or to dream. For that delightful occupation, which is so necessary and so charming and so unprofitable, the locks of our Thames, and the locks of the lonely Midland waterways, are beyond compare.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LITERARY TASTE OF OXFORD: A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—While we have no hesitation in accepting the invitation to reply to the attack made upon our university in the article, "The Literary Taste of Oxford," we should certainly have expected that THE ACADEMY would have provided us with a worthier opponent. To begin with, we should certainly attach more weight to the criticisms of the writer of this article had he been at Oxford, but we can hardly believe this to have been the case after reading the egregious nonsense about the School of English Literature and the degree of Litt.D. with which he starts his case. According to his account, half of those who take the English Literature school do so with the idea that "they will be able to write Litt.D. after their names with one-half the labour attendant upon a mere M.A." For it appears that, by taking this school, an undergraduate "may qualify for the degree of Litt.D." It may safely be said that no one, except your contributor, ever laboured under this curious delusion. The degree of Doctor of Letters has nothing whatever to do with the English Literature School or any other. It is conferred upon men of some standing (thirty-five is about the earliest age at which a man would supplicate for or be granted this degree) for a work of original research upon any subject which does not come within the scope of the Doctorates of Divinity, Science, or Civil Law. English Literature is only one among the many possible fields of research. History, Archaeology, Philosophy, Economics, Greek and Latin Literature are equally eligible.

A man who has taken the English Literature School obtains precisely the same degree as he would have done had he taken any other—namely, the B.A. He can afterwards, of course, become a "mere M.A." if he so desires. So much for our opponent's knowledge as to the official position of English Literature at Oxford. He then proceeds to assert that to the modern undergraduate "even such writers as Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and Ruskin are mere names without special meaning," that he has never heard of William de Morgan or Maurice Hewlett, that "to stay away from the theatre during a musical comedy week to delight in Sheridan would reflect on a man's whole university career," and, finally, that a man found reading Smollett in his rooms "would, in all probability, be severely dealt with."

We wish we could have taken your contributor to a meeting of a literary club which we once attended. The subject of the discussion was Congreve, clearly an even more dangerous author than even Sheridan or Smollett. To us the meeting was a commonplace affair enough, but how romantic it would have seemed to him. Everyone of us who joined in that discussion was risking his reputation in the eyes of his fellows, and might even, when the terrible news of his misdemeanours got abroad, be "severely dealt with" by his enraged college. But we must not spend more time on this fascinating subject. In fact, there are, of course, among the three thousand resident undergraduates, some who care for nothing but sport and musical comedy; but they certainly do not form the majority, nor do they attempt to impose their tastes upon it. Another assertion of our opponent is that in Junior Common Rooms what he describes as "serious-minded literary publications" have to be searched for "on out-of-the-way shelves and in odd corners where they repose unopened and unread."

Does not he know that it is a meeting of the undergraduates themselves which decides what periodicals shall be taken, and that they would hardly be so hypocritical and extravagant as to waste their money on publications which they never intended to read? As a matter of fact, we know from experience that at the Union, to which undergraduates resort for current literature, THE ACADEMY is in such demand that it is difficult to obtain at all until three days after issue.

Finally, as regards the drama, our opponent seems to imagine that the theatre at Oxford is entirely devoted to a series of musical comedies, and he states definitely that the undergraduate "refuses to sit through" a play by Mr. Galsworthy. The facts are quite the reverse; so far as our recollection serves, not a single musical comedy was produced last term, while Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Box," on the other hand, was

brought to Oxford for the third time and played to a crowded house. The 'Varsity, one of the undergraduate papers which our opponent condemns, a paper which professes to cater chiefly for the "pass-man," did indeed complain, on the ground that all its readers had seen the play and would have preferred some other work of the modern school of English dramatists. By the way, our opponent, who complains that "the chain is broken," and that we now produce no great authors, will be glad to hear that Mr. Galsworthy is himself an Oxford man.

Thanks to the efforts of the Oxford Drama Society, there are now, in fact, more good plays performed every year in Oxford than in any other towns in England, except London and Manchester.

The O.U.D.S., again, an undergraduate society, produces not musical comedies, but the works of Shakespeare and the Greek Dramatists. Does your contributor imagine that participation in these performances "casts a reflection upon the whole university career" of the performers, or that they are "severely dealt with" in their respective colleges after each performance?

There are, of course, many criticisms which may legitimately be passed upon Oxford, its literary taste included, and as we are not the complacent Philistines which your contributor imagines us to be, the best place to hear them is Oxford itself. We certainly hope that no one will pay attention to the ignorant and sweeping assertions contained in the article in your last issue.

NEW AND ORIEL.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- Medical Examination of Schools and Scholars.* Edited by J. N. Kelynaek, M.D., with an Introduction by Sir Lauder Brunton, Bt. P. S. King and Son. 10s. 6d. net.
Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists: Repertory and Synthesis. By David Klein, Ph.D. Sturgis and Walton Co., New York. \$1 50c. net.
Hints for Churchwardens, Sidesmen, and Others. By Fredk. Sherlock. Third Edition. F. Sherlock, Ltd. 1s. net.
Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by F. L. Pogson, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- The Spiritual Sense in Sacred Legend.* (Fernley Lecture, 1910.) By Edward J. Brailsford. Robt. Culley. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Political Development of Japan, 1867-1909.* By George Banjirō Uyahara. Constable and Co. 8s. 6d. net.
The Real Roosevelt: His Forceful and Fearless Utterances on Various Subjects. Selected and Arranged by Alan Warner. Portraits. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- A Theory of Drawing, Suggested on Reviewing an Article in "The Slade" by Mr. J. R. Fothergill on "The Principles of Teaching Drawing at the Slade School."* By Sir Montagu Pollock, Bart. G. Bell and Sons. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith.* 17.—One of *Our Conquerors*. Illustrated. 18.—*Lord Ormont and His Aminta*. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net each.
The Wheels of Time. By Florence L. Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.

VERSE

- The Demon.* By Lermontoff. A Literal Translation in the Metre of the Original Russian by Ellen Richter. David Nutt. 1s. net.

PERIODICALS

- The International Journal of Ethics; The Idler, East Orange, N.Y., U.S.A.; Revue Bleue; Gunter's Magazine; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Lew's Handbook to the Charities of London, 1910; Book-Prices Current; Scribner's Magazine; Ulula, the Manchester Grammar School Magazine; Propon; American Journal of Mathematics; Smith's Magazine; The Antiquary; The Tramp, an Open Air Magazine; All the World; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; The Sunday at Home; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Travel and Exploration; Oxford and Cambridge Review; London University Gazette; The Periodical; Blackwood's Magazine; Harper's Magazine.*

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